

YANKEE COMICS

JAN.
NO. 3
10¢

FEATURING
YANKEE
DOODLE JONES
and
DANDY

YOUNG
AMERICANS

YANKEE
BOY

ENCHANTED
DAGGER

JOHNNY
REBEL

YANKEE
DOODLE JONES

BARRY
KUDA



HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION.
**WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS**



**WEB COMIC
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YANKEE COMICS

JAN
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FEATURING
YANKEE
DOODLE YOC
and
ROLSTER

Yoc Edit
No. 49

Feb 07, 2009

YOUNG
AMERICANS

YANKEE
BOY

ENCHANTED
DAGGER

JOHNNY
REBEL

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DOODLE JONES

BARRY
KUDA



Missing ifc,ibc

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION.
**WORLD'S
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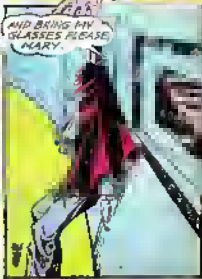
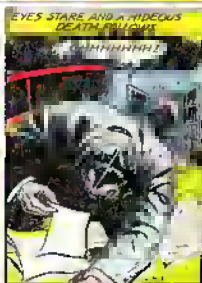
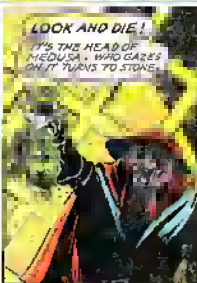
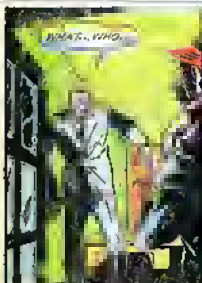
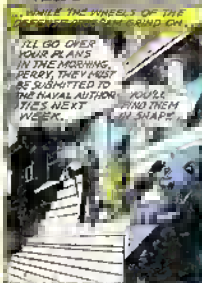


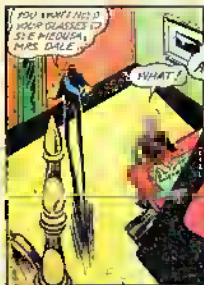
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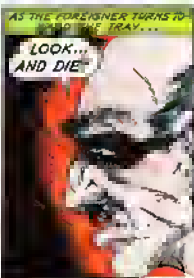
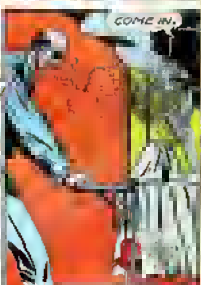
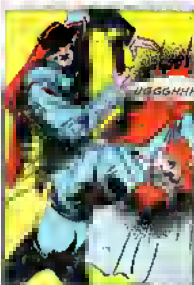
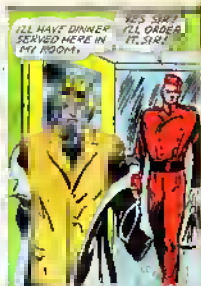
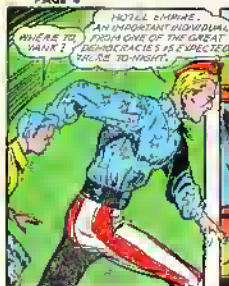
YANKEE DOODLE JONES

THE SEVERED HEAD OF MEDUSA TURNED ALL THOSE WHO LOOKED UPON IT TO STONE. WHAT HORRIBLE FIEND USED THAT FAMED GORGON'S HEAD TO KILL THE LEADERS OF DEMOCRACY? YANKEE DOODLE JONES AND DANDY RISE IN ALL THEIR MIGHT TO CRUSH THE BLOODTHIRSTY VILLAIN WHOSE ONE GLANCE MEANT... DEATH.









IN A SPLIT SECOND, BOTH DEFENDERS
SPRING INTO ACTION.

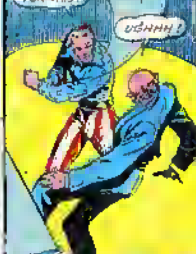


LOOKS LIKE A
WATTER! AND
RUMMAGING
THRU SOMEBODY'S
TRUNKS!

WHAT'S THIS?



LOOKING
FOR THIS?



UGHNN!

I'LL SHOW YOU FELLOWS
SOMETHING THAT'LL...



BUT TRY THIS
FIRST!



GET AWAY!
YOU CRAT!



HICK ON SOME-
ONE YOUR SIZE!



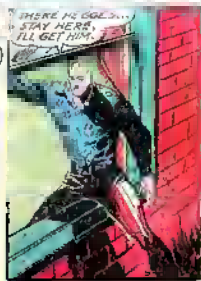
HURT BAD,
DANDY?



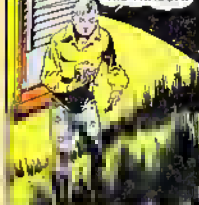
I'M ALL RIGHT!
GET HIM!

I'LL SEE THEM
BOTH LATER.



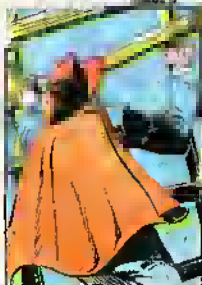


I GET IT... WHEN HE YELLED HE SQUEEZED THE BULB AND THE STUFF INSIDE IT SHOT OUT THE MOUTH AND MADE THE ONE WHO LOOKED TURN TO STONE. LUCKY FOR ME YANK CLOSED THE WINDOW.



I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE YACHT AND MY AGENTS.

SILENT AS A PANTHER... YANKEE STALKS THE MASKED FIGURE.



SO I'M TAKING A BATH AND IT ISN'T SATURDAY NIGHT.



KNOWING THE UNKNOWN MUST BE SEARCHING OUT HIS FRIENDS, YANKEE DOODLE JONES PRESSES ON TO THE ATTACK.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE LONG BLACK BODY OF A SUBMARINE SWIMS INTO VIEW.



GET READY FOR A RECEPTION... THAT YANK CHAP IS ABOUT DUE.

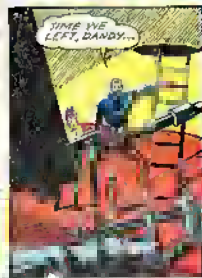
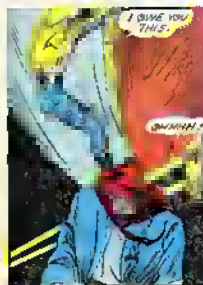


HOPE THEY DON'T KNOW I'M HERE.

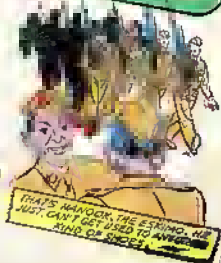
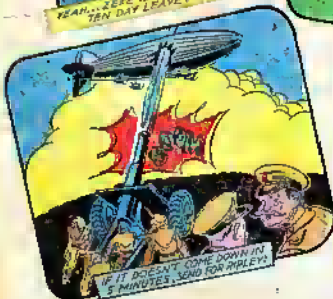
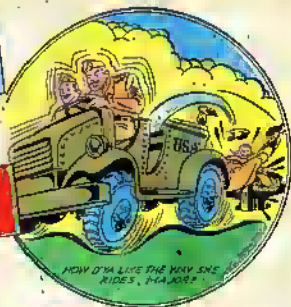


I SURE GUESSED WRONG.





YOU'RE IN THE ARMY *Now*



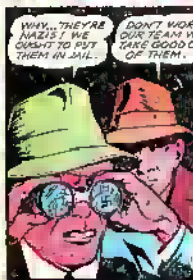
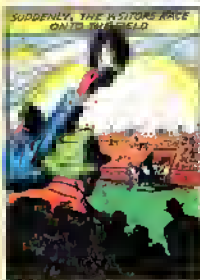
YOUNG AMERICANS

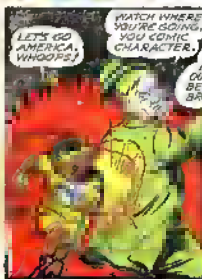
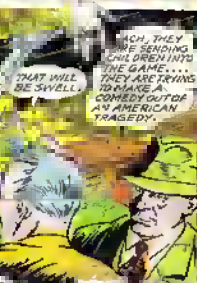
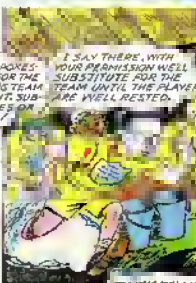


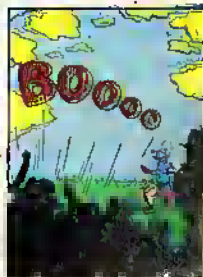
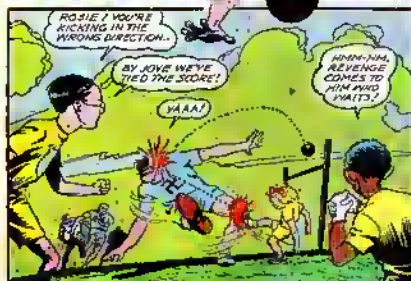
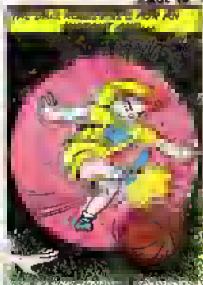
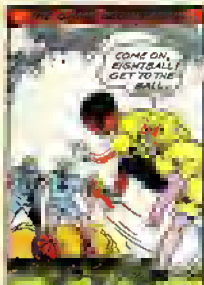
AT THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE YOUNG AMERICANS, THE MAYOR ADDRESSES THE GROUP.

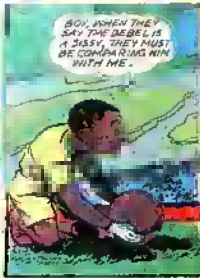
"AND SO YOU ARE ALL TO BE MASCOTS OF THE AMERICAN SOCCER TEAM WHICH PLAYS THE INVINCIBLES TODAY. WEAR YOUR UNIFORMS."





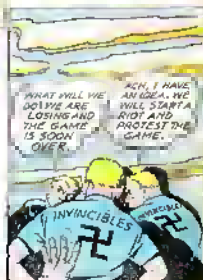


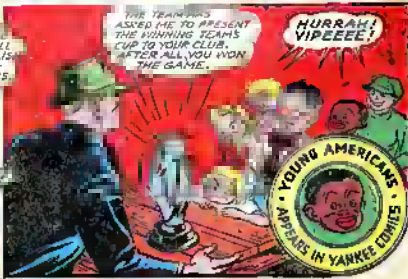
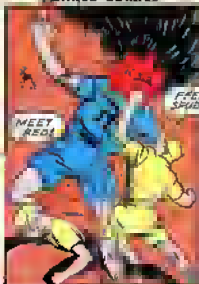
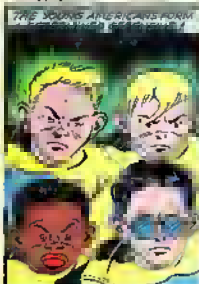


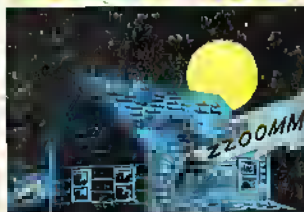
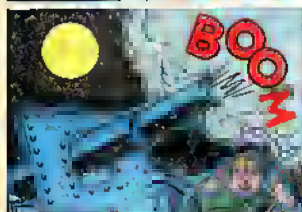
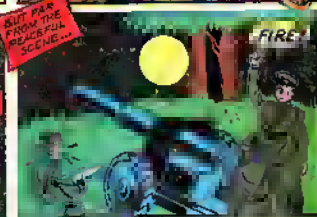
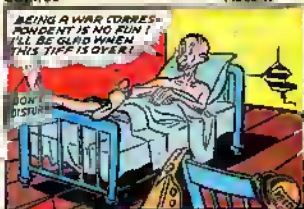




THE YOUNG AMERICANS PUT THE REAL BALL BACK INTO PLAY, AND...



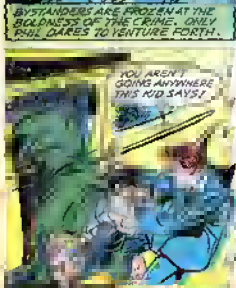
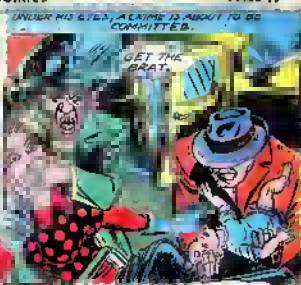


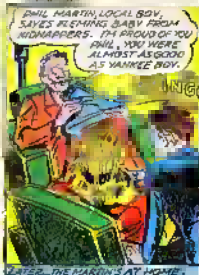


PRESENTING

YANKEE BOY

A STORY BY BOB
AND ILLUSTRATED BY





I'M MR. FLEMING, I CAME TO THANK A REAL AMERICAN BOY FOR HIS COURAGE. I HAD SCORNED THEIR THREATS FOR MONEY SO THEY TRIED TO KIDNAP OUR BABY. AS A REWARD, I WANT TO SEND PHIL TO CAMP.

I'LL ANSWER THE DOOR BELL.



I MUST WARN YOU BOYS AGAINST FIRES IN THE WOODS. A FOREST FIRE WOULD DESTROY LUMBER VITAL TO OUR DEFENSE PROGRAM.

NO FELLOW WOULD WANT TO BE THE CAUSE OF SUCH AN ACCIDENT.



HAVE THE GUARD
REPORT AT THE
DESERTED BARN
TODAY. THE WIND
IS STRONG ENOUGH
A GOOD FIRE WILL
SURELY BE A LOVELY
SIGHT.

THEY DON'T KNOW
IT... BUT THEY'RE
GOING TO HAVE AN
EXTRA GUEST
TODAY.

FOR LITTLE SHAK, I
WAS SCARED THOUGH
I'D FOUND YOU.

LOOK, IT'S
PHIL, AND
HE'S SLEEPING.

PHILLYERS.

AS PHIL MARTIN REACHES THE
SURFACE, STRANGE CONVERSATION
RINGS INTO HIS EARS.

I'LL TEACH
YOU TO PLAY
TRICKS.

OUCH!

IT'S TIME TO
TEACH YOU A
LESSON.

HOLD ON BOY,
YOU CAN'T
FIGHT HERE.

I'M NOT FORGETTING,
I'LL GET YOU YET!

ANYTIME,
ANY PLACE!

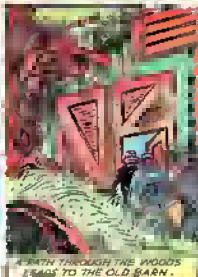
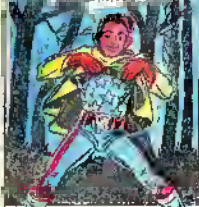
FOR LITTLE SHAK, I WAS SCARED THOUGH I'D FOUND YOU.

IN CASE SOME
ONE FEELS INSIDE
IT'LL LOOK FOR ONE
IN A BEEHIVE.

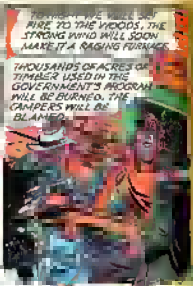
SMOOTHLY, PHIL MARTIN, SLIPS OUT
INTO THE NIGHT...

OSCAR, HIS FIRST BORN SON, ADOPTS THE ROLE OF MIGHTY LITTLE DEFENDER.

NOW IT'S YANKEE BOY AGAINST THE BOYS OF THE BARN.



A PATH THROUGH THE WOODS LEADS TO THE OLD BARN.



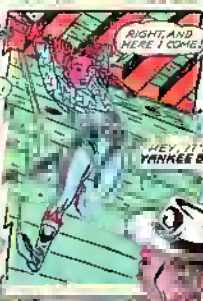
TOGETH, THE VILLAGE FIRE TO THE WOODS, THE STRONG WIND WILL SOON MAKE IT A RAGING FURRIAGE.

THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF TIMBER USED IN THE GOVERNMENT'S PROGRAM WILL BE BURNED. THE CAMPERS WILL BE BLAMED.



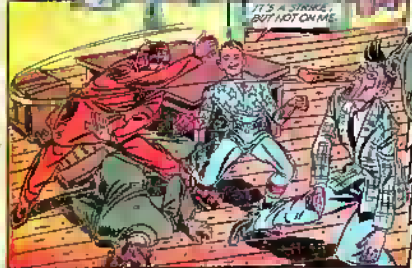
WE'LL SPREAD A LINE OF FIRE A MILE LONG. ONCE IT'S STARTED, THEY'LL NEVER STOP IT.

WE'RE READY BOSS, LET'S GO!

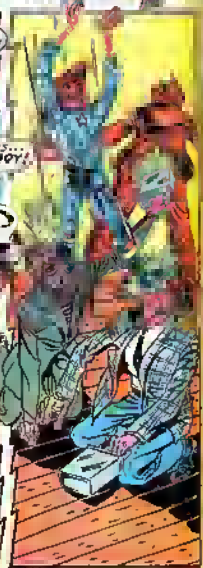


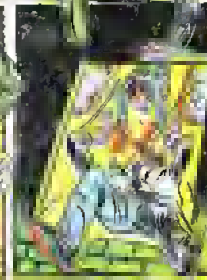
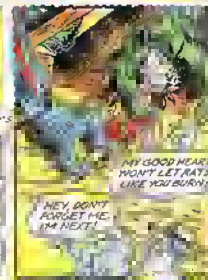
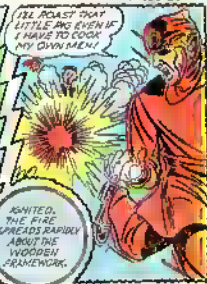
RIGHT, AND HERE I COME!

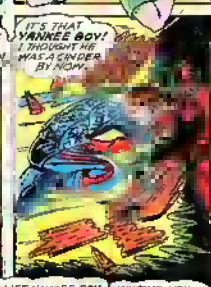
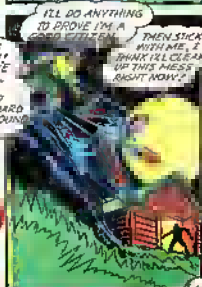
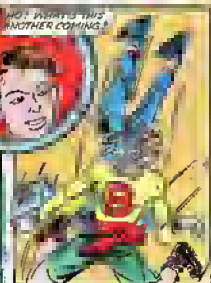
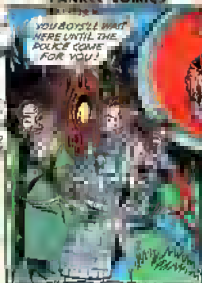
HEY, IT'S... YANKEE BOY!



IT'S A STRIKE, BUT NOT ON ME.







PART
1c

GUARDIANS OF FREEDOM

**FEATURING
JOHNNY
REBEL**

Slowly, stealthily Johnny Rebel crept forward. Now, and again he paused and lifted his head to watch the slinking form ahead of him. The hunchback figure did not hesitate but plodded onward, toward the wooden bare ahead. From the description given, Johnny was sure that this was the man the police were said to have seen near the warehouse, just before the place had gone up in flames.

"Shhh," the hunchback whispered to the two men at the door. "I'm being followed by that Johnny Rebel." Then, stepping inside, he said quietly: "Uprstairs and we'll get the snapper."

"Little suspecting the trap, Johnny crept forward. He saw shadows high in the bare loft. He decided to venture inside and listen. Carefully he picked his way to the door and peered. The sound of footsteps above reassured him and he slipped into the gloomy looking barn.

Suddenly, something struck him. Like an angry snake it twisted about his neck. Johnny struggled but the strands of rope drew tighter and tighter about his throat. Finally, he slowed to relieve the choking sensation about his throat—until suddenly, the black eight slided in about him and he slumped unconscious to the floor.

When Johnny Rebel opened his eyes, he lay in a corner of the

bare. The shaking war gave but his arms and legs were burned from the pain of the tight cords which held him. A cackling laugh drew Johnny's gaze. He saw the deformed figure and two crooked bent over a paper he so over-tuned box.

"In two minutes we'll read the message and then burn the bare. All evidence of this place being used for a hide-out will be destroyed along with that meddling bird," he gazed evilly at his spoke. "And we'll be paid well for this day's work."

Frantically, Johnny worked at the board which cut into his wrists. He twisted, squirmed and pelted until he felt one of the ropes slip. In a moment, he had his hands free. Catlike he bent down and removed the ropes from his feet.

The hunchback gazed toward Johnny, then jumped to his feet. "That bird is free!" he screamed. "Get him before he gets away!"

But the fighting Little Southerner had an intention of resisting. He hurled himself into the attack, grabbing a loose board and he lunged forward. Johnny struck like a raging tornado. The slab connected with a sharp crack and the man seemed him slumped in a heap.

"Take him, kill him!" the hunchback screamed as he dashed around his men, urging them to slap Johnny's vicious onslaught.

"Try and do it!" Johnny shrieked defiantly, as he pleaded a well-aimed kick on the ribs of one of the thugs. "Come and get me, I'm not running away!"

Nimble, Johnny dropped to his knees and avoided a terrific blow. As the brute missed, Johnny sprang and brought the club up under the jaw of the man.

"Eeeeeeeeee!" the scream echoed throughout the building. "He broke my jaw!"

From the corners of his eye, Johnny saw the hunchback grab a small box and frisk to the loft window. In a flash, the Southern blithering darted after the fleeing figure.

Outside, the hunchback was about to head for the woods. A running leap and Johnny sailed into him. Together, they hit the ground.

The Little Rebel leaped to his feet. In that second, the hunchback opened the bar and heaved it into the air. Johnny watched a white carrier pigeon flutter out and wing its way into the sky.

"My work is accomplished, Johnny Rebel," the hunchback shouted triumphantly. "You will never stop the message of death."

"Yes, I will," Johnny shouted angrily. "First, I'm going to learn you and those two other rats, over to the police and then, somehow, I'll trace your winged messenger."

- NOW TURN TO PAGE 44

CHARLES SCHWAB, ART BY

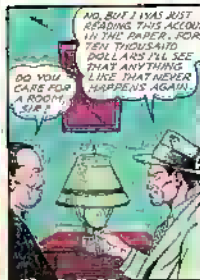
The Enchanted Jagger

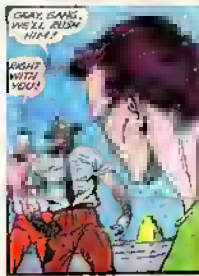
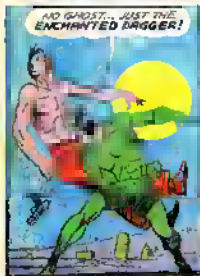
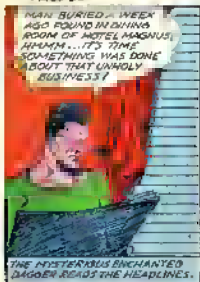


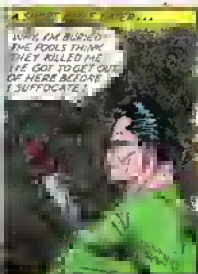
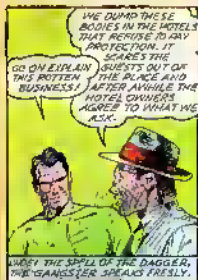
THE ENCHANTED JAGGER, MYSTERIOUS, SHIFT STRIKING FOR OF CRIME, MATCHES WITS AND BRAVING WITH A RUTHLESS GANG OF RACKETEERS WHOSE HIDEOUS, DEVILISH PLOT THREATENS TO EXTORT FABULOUS SUMS FROM THE CITY'S HOTEL OWNERS.

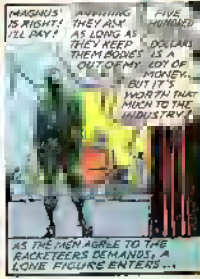
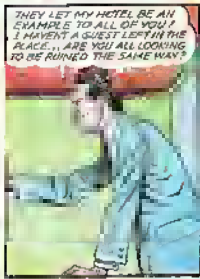
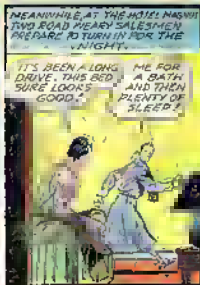
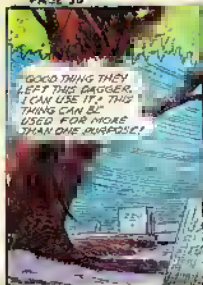
I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND THIS ROOM VERY PLEASANT. I'LL SWITCH ON THE LIGHT.

A GUEST TAKES A ROOM AT THE HOTEL MAGNUS.









...AND IN A QUIET VOICE
ADDRESSES THEM.

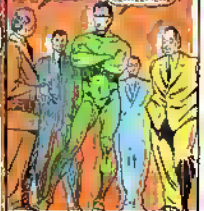
YOU MAY NOT HAVE HEARD OF ME,
GENTLEMEN, THE ENCHANTED
DAGGER HAS A SPECIAL REASON TO
ROUND UP THAT ROTTEN GANG...
STAY YOUR ACTION FOR A WHILE,
AND LET ME
TAKE A
CRACK AT
THEM.



SAY, HE'S THE ONE
THAT CLEANED UP
THE GREEN PLAGUE
IN THE RESTAURANT
CRACKET CASE.

RIGHT, AND I'M
FOR GIVING
HIM A CHANCE!

(THANK YOU,
GENTLEMEN)



THOSE MUGS WON'T BE USING THE
GRAVE YARDS ANY MORE... THE
POLICE ARE WATCHING TOO
CLOSELY, THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE
PLACE THEY CAN GO TO...



LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN.



HEY OVER...
WHERE ARE
WE GOING? YOU'LL
FIND OUT!

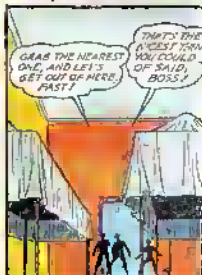


SURE, WE DO!
THE GRAVE
YARDS ARE
ALL FULL
OF CORPS...
THIS IS THE
ONLY PLACE
WE CAN GET
BODIES!

WE DON'T
HAVE TO
GO IN
THERE,
DO WE,
BOSS?



OKAY, FELLERS, THE
PLACE AINT GOT A
WATCHMAN ANY
MORE!



GRAB THE NEAREST
ONE, AND LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE,
FAST!

THAT'S THE
NICEST THING
YOU COULD
OF SAID,
BOSS!



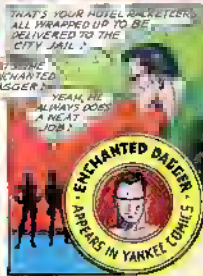
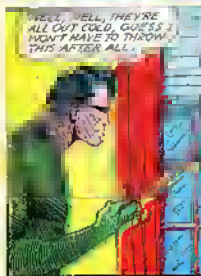
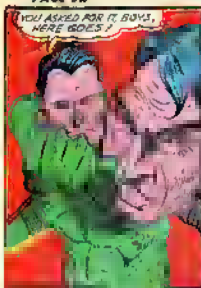
OKAY, YOU GUYS,
GRAB THIS STUFF!

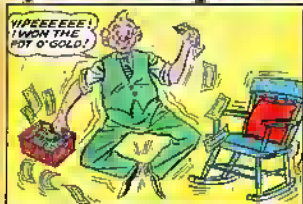


EEEEEYOW!
IT'S THE
GUY WE
MURDERED!

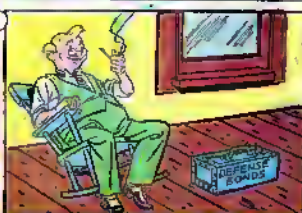
IT CAN'T
BE A
DREAM, I
JUST PUNCHED
MYSELF!

DID YOU
CALL
ME A
STIFF
RAT?





★ Buy ★
DEFENSE BONDS



JOHNNY

REBEL

ONCE AGAIN THE MIGHTY YOUNG JOHNNY REBEL TAKES HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS AS HE BATTLES THE VICIOUS HORDE OF HARDENED CRIMINALS WHO SEEK TO FREE THEIR LEADER FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW.



THE SOUTH IS SLAVE DOING ITS PART TO END DEMOCRACY. MASTER JOHNNY REBEL AND THE FINEST OLD SALLY SERVANT, SURVEY THE SCENES OF THE WATER FRONT.

THE SOUTH IS SLAVE DOING ITS PART TO END DEMOCRACY. MASTER JOHNNY

THEY SAY THAT SHIPMENT IS DESTINED FOR ENGLAND.

BUT EVEN AS JOHNNY WATCHES... SINISTER FORMS SLINK ALONG THE WHARF.

THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY MONEY... LIGHT THE FUSE!

IT WILL BLOW EVERYTHING TO BITS!



WITHOUT HESITATION, THE KEELY JOHNNY REBEL HURLS HIMSELF INTO ANOTHER ADVENTURE.

"I JUST SAW A FLASH... THEY MUST HAVE LIGHTED SOMETHING!"

"LORDS SAKE, MASTER JOHNNY, CAN'T WE WALK FOR A CHANGE. I'M TIRED OF TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH YOU."



"WATCH WHERE THEY GO, RUFUS. I'M GOING AFTER THEM, AS SOON AS I GET RID OF THIS."

"ONLY A FILTHY BEAST WOULD TRY TO DESTROY PRIVATE PROPERTY AND KILL INNOCENT WORKERS."



"THE DEADLY BOMB EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE WATER."



"THERE THEY GO!"

"I'LL GET THE FIENDS!"



"WAIT—A MINUTE!"



"A TASTE OF JOHNNY REBEL!"



"(PANT, PANT.) I'S HERE... MASTER JOHNNY... YOU'LL (PANT) SMASH HIS BRAINS OUT!"

"I'M ONLY TRYING TO SEE IF HE HAS ANY. TOO BAD THAT OTHER ONE GOT AWAY."



"DAYS LATER..."

"ON THE EVIDENCE GIVEN BY THAT BRAVE LAD, JOHNNY REBEL, THE COURT SENTENCES YOU TO TWENTY YEARS IN THE FEDERAL PRISON."

I'LL GET YOU BOTH FOR THIS... I'LL CUT THE TENDON OF YOUR ARM, BIT BY BIT.



SOMEHOW I THINK WE'LL MEET HIM AGAIN!

NOW, MASTER JOHNNY, LET'S GO HOME TO THE FRIED CHICKEN MY FEET SUKE HURT!

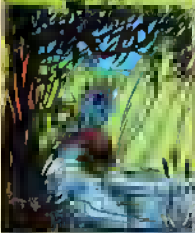


IN THE DENSE SWAMPS, A GROUP OF HARDENED CRIMINALS MEET.

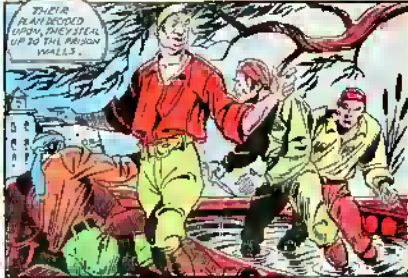
WE GET PAID WELL FOR THE JOBS WE DO. IF HITLER DOES GET OVER HERE WE'LL BECOME LEADERS, NOT WANTED MEN. TONIGHT WE'LL BRING THE RIPPER AND THEN WE'LL BURN THE COTTONFIELDS.



OUT OF THE DARK, SUNNY SWAMPS THEY COME. A BAND OF OUTTHROATS RENT ON RESCUING ANOTHER OF THEIR KIND.



THEIR PLAN DECIDED UPON, THEY STEAL UP TO THE PRISON WALLS.



WHEN SOON THEY LAUNCH A SWIFT, MURDEROUS ATTACK.



STOP! HAVE MERCY... AAAGGH!!

I LOVE TO SQUEEZE THEM... TIGHTER... TIGHTER... UNTIL THEY'VE NICE AND LIMP LINE.



LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT! I WANT TO GIVE THEM A TASTE OF THE RIPPER'S KNIFE FOR KEEPING ME HERE.



TO THE RIVER, JUDGE. IT'S BACK TO THE BRIGADES FOR US UNTIL THIS MORNING OVER

WANT YOU GUYS TO COME WITH ME I'VE A PROMISE TO KEEP TO TWO GUYS IN THIS TOWN

IT'S THE JUDGE'S HOUSE!



NOW DARE YOU TO INTRUDE, GENTLEMEN!

LOOK CLOSE AND YOU'LL RECOGNIZE ME, WE'VE MET BEFORE!

RYE, JUDGE, THAT'S ME, NOW WATCH NOW! I'VE GOING TO FIT YOU'LL SO YOU NEVER SENTENCE ANOTHER MAN AGAIN!

THE RIPPER!

GOOD WORK, MEN... NOW I'LL BEGIN!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

HE THINKS IT'S THE JUDGE HERE!

OUTSIDE, A HYSTERICAL SCREAM REACHES THE EARS OF THE NIGHT STROLLERS...

OOOHH! HELP!

JOHNNY, LISTEN TO DAT!

I HEAR IT... AND IT'S FROM THE JUDGE'S HOUSE. I'M GOING IN!

AND INSTANTLY, JOHNNY REBEL SPEEDS TO ANSWER THE CALL.

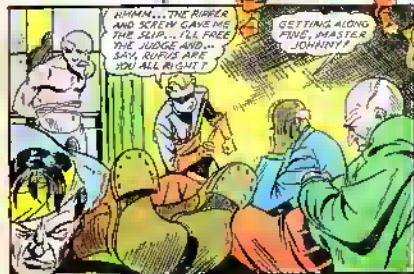
SLEET HIS THROAT AND LET'S GET...

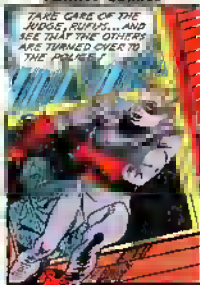
IN A SECOND, IT'LL ALL BE... HEY, WHAT'S THAT COMING?

IT'S JOHNNY REBEL, I GOT YOU ONCE AND I'M READY TO GET YOU AGAIN!









PART
2

GUARDIANS OF FREEDOM

FEATURING
YANKEE
BOY

Yankeeboy stood on the top of a parked borer. He teaw that a shipment of important atepless parts would be passing through the town to a short while. Yankeeboy was determined that nothing would interfere with the valuable shipment.

Something fluttered over his head. He looked up and saw a pigeon swoop back into the sky; then dive down towards a shaft in the woods, some half a mile away. "Steaga, I thought that shaft was uninhabited," he said to himself. "I'll have to investigate what—" But, he did not finish the thought. Two figures, sliding along a row of boxcars, caught his attention.

Immediately, Yankeeboy attacked the problem at hand. He leaped from his perch to the ground. Like a floating shadow, he raced along the side of the case.

In the moonlight, he saw the men's legs on the other side of a car. Muffled voices caught his ear. He dropped to the ground, crouched under the car and listened.

"The TNT case, on the rail, will blow the train and its freight to high when we see what happened," one of the men whispered harshly.

"You'd better please it now," another voice broke in. "The train is about due."

Yankeeboy hurried himself forward with blind fury. It made him fighting mad to think that these were men who would salt their country's homes.

"OOOHH!" the agonizing scream of pain as the air, as Yankeeboy pounced a hard right to the jaw of one of the men.

"It's only a kid. I'll smash him down," the other yelled as he lashed forward, swinging a vicious blow.

Yankeeboy ducked expertly. When seeing guilty he buried his shoulder in the stomach of his assailant. "How do you like that?" he yelled. "I've got plenty more where that came from."

"He's a wildcat, a little wildcat!" one of the men screamed. "We can't let that kid take our plans, get him!"

Yankeeboy barely heard the men. He was busy aiming his whirling arms. Like lightning, they flashed out one by one as the men closed in on him.

A screeching sound filled the air. Yankeeboy heard the train whistle. He knew that he must hold those men off until the train was safely past. A saw flow of strength surged through his limbs at the thought of the duty before him. He must keep them from destroying the train and its precious cargo.

But his attackers, too, were

spurred by the sound of the whistle. The two men leaped forward. One of them gripped a chunk of coal. Seeing his chance, he struck behind Yankeeboy and cracked down.

Tired and weak, the blow was too much. It slipped the temple of the courageous boy and with a dull thud Yankeeboy sank to the ground.

"That's that!" one of the men said, as he wiped his forehead. "Whew, that kid sure can fight."

"Not any more, he won't. You can bet your life on that," the other replied while dragging the inert form. "Hurry with the dynamite case. I'm going to put this kid on the tracks so we can get rid of him and the freight at the same time."

Swiftly, the shadows moved along the tracks. The unconscious Yankeeboy was thrown on the rails and the men carefully rolled the dynamite case along the tracks.

One of the men boasted, "That pigeon should be at the cabin by this time. C'mon, let's get going!"

As the bulky figures melted into the darkness, a deafening whistle screamed. Roaring madly, the train thundered across the bend. Steaming and frothing, it headed for the inert form of Yankeeboy surrounded by the dynamite case.

NOW TURN TO PAGE 57

BATTLING VALIANTLY TO KEEP THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM OF QUEEN MERMA FROM FALLING INTO UNSCRUPULOUS HANDS, BARRY KUDA AND ALGIE WAGE A NEVER ENDING CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MONSTERS OF THE UNDERWATER.



QUEEN MERMA



BARRY KUDA



QUEEN MERMA TEMPTS BARRY AND HIS PAL TO REMAIN IN THE KINGDOM.

I OFFER YOU THE POSITION OF PRIME MINISTER, MR. BARRY KUDA IF YOU WILL REMAIN WITH US.

I WILL CONSIDER IT.

REMEMBER THE WAITRESS IN FRISCO, BARRY?

NEARBY, BELZAM, THE EXILED PRIME MINISTER, PLOTS TO TAKE OVER THE KINGDOM.

LITTLE WOULD SHE EXPECT AN ATTACK. I'LL GET OCTO TO GO SWIFTLY AND HE WILL RESTORE THE KINGDOM TO ME.

IMMEDIATELY, BELZAM PUTS HIS DEVILISH PLANS TO WORK.

WHY DO YOU COME HERE, BELZAM? LONG HAVE OUR NATIONS BEEN AT WAR.

HELP ME TAKE THE KINGDOM OF MERMA AND I WILL GIVE YOU ONE THOUSAND PEARLS EACH DAY AND RULE UNDER YOUR DOMINION. THE TIME IS RIFE, THE QUEEN IS ENCAPTURED WITH A MORTAL. BARRY KUDA.

AFTER LISTENING CAREFULLY TO THE PLAN OF ATTACK, OCTO TAKES BELZAM PRISONER.

WELL, SUMMON, WE WILL ATTACK, BUT WE DO NOT NEED YOUR HELP. YOU WILL FEED OUR GOD WITH YOUR BODY.

NO, NO!

LET ME GO, I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING!

COME GOD OF OUR WORLD, HERE IS A SACRIFICE!

THE GOD OF THE UNDERGROUND SEA IS APPEASED BY OCTO.

NO-NO-OOOHMMH!

WE'LL BRING MORE FOR YOU SOON, MIGHTY SLIMO.

THE GOD HAS BEEN FED... NOW WE CAN LAUNCH OUR ATTACK!

YES, KING, I GO TO SUMMON THE ARMY!

SWIFTLY, THE WELL TRAINED FORCE OF THE OCTOS MOVES TOWARD THE KINGDOM OF MERMA.

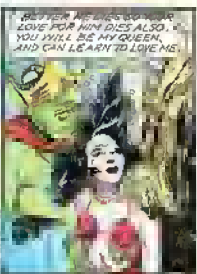
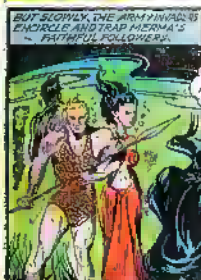
OCTO MEN... THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK THE CITY!

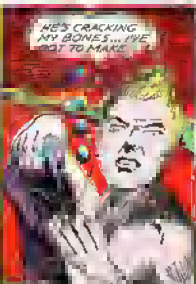
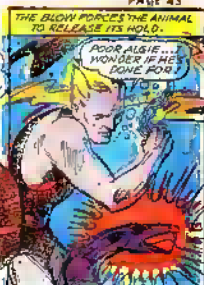
WHOEVER THEY ARE, I DON'T LIKE THEM ONE BIT!

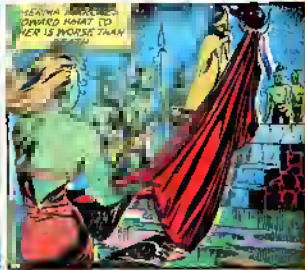
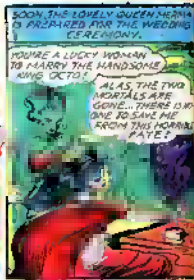
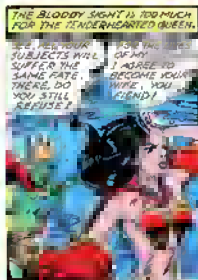
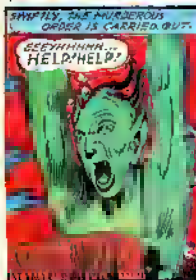
NO TIME FOR SPEECHES! CAPTAIN ALGIE, LET'S MUSTER THE ARMIES OF MERMA. IF THEY HAVE ANY!

SILENTLY, BARRY KUDA AND ALGIE PREPARE TO MEET THE INVADERS.

RISE VALIANT OCTO MEN, WE'LL SCALE THE WALL AND STORM THE CITY.







MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE PALACE.

LOOK, OCTOMEN!
THIS MUST BE
THE PLACE!
I SEE A PLACE WE
CAN MAKE
WITHOUT TOO
MUCH TROUBLE!

NICE WORK...
I'M ALMOST
THERE!

THIS SIDE OF
THE WALL HAS
ONLY THIS
LONELY GUARD.

BUT THE GUARD
DIDN'T LAST
LONG! AAAAGH!!

OKAY, CHIM,
YOU'RE IN ON
THIS!

THANKS FOR
THE RIDE,
PAL!

THE GUARDHOUSE...
MAYBE SOME OF
MERMA'S MEN
ARE IN THERE? LET'S
GO, CHIM!

HEY, BOY...

OHNNNN!

EXCELLENT, ALGIE...
YOU'RE IMPROVING!

WEE DOWN AND
GET THE KEYS!

INSIDE, BARRY AND ALGIE FIND
QUEEN MERMA'S FAITHFUL

...AND AT THIS POINT,
OCTO IS MARRING HER
HIS WIFE. SHE AGREED,
ONLY TO SAVE OUR LIVES!

THEN WE MUST LAY
DOWN OUR LIVES
SAVE HER.

RIGHTO, AND HERE'S
THE PLAN. ON OUR
WAY TO THE PALACE,
WE'LL STRIP WHATEVER
GUARDS WE CAN AND
ARM OURSELVES WITH
THEIR WEAPONS. LET'S GO!

HAVING STRIPPED THE GUARDS OF THEIR WEAPONS, THE VALIANT BAND ARRIVES IN THE CEREMONIAL HALL.

THIS HOLY CROWN WILL FOREVER MAKE YOU THE WIFE OF...

NOW'S OUR TURN?

SUDDENLY... THE HIGH PRIEST URGES THE OCTO PEOPLE TO JOIN THE RANKS OF THE ATTACKERS.

PEOPLE OF OCTOLAND, YOUR SALVATION HAS COME... RISE AND JOIN THE BRAVE WARRIORS OF THE KINGDOM OF MERMIA.

KING OCTO... YOUR DAY OF RECKONING HAS COME!

DOGS OF DOGS NOW YOU DIE!

NO, NO, AGGGHHH!

WHEN KING OCTO AND HIS MATE, ONE OF GUARDS ARE DESTROYED...

LOOK, THEY BOW TO US AS IF IN THANKS

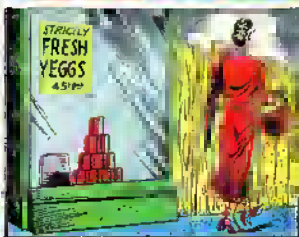
MAYBE THE PRIEST CAN CLEAR UP THIS MESS

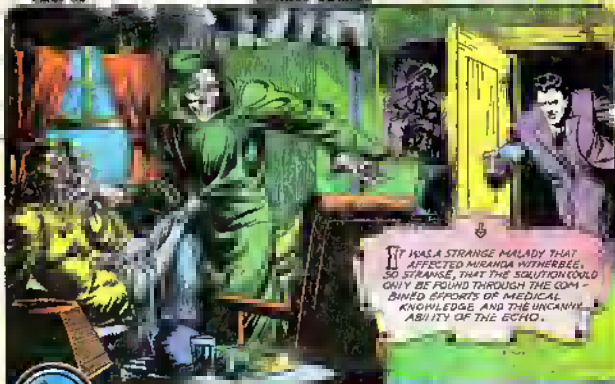
BE NOT SURPRISED AT THIS. MY PEOPLE GIVE YOU A GREAT DEAL. FOR YEARS, THE PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO OVERTHROW THE TYRANNICAL OCTO... BUT TODAY WITH YOUR HELP THEY HAVE BECOME A PEACE LOVING PEOPLE

A SMALL BUT BRAVE BAND?

WITH OCTO OUT OF THE WAY... WE CAN SETTLE DOWN TO BUILD UP OUR NATION INSTEAD OF RISKING OUR PEOPLE IN USELESS WARS WITH OTHERS.







ECHO

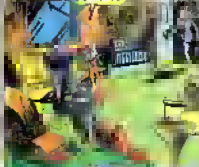
* STORY BY LEO WILKINSON
* ART BY JIMMY SPENCER

DR. DOOM AND HIS SISTER CORA ENTERTAIN THEIR BROTHER, THE FEARLESS FOG OF CRIME, THE ECHO.

SAY, DON'T THAT YOUNG PAUL WITHERBEE?

DR. DOOM! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! YOU MUST!

SO IT IS?



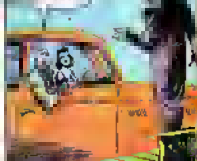
I WISH YOU'D RUN OVER AND SEE MY MOTHER, DR. DOOM. SHE'S IN A TERRIBLE NERVOUS STATE AND IMAGINES ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

I'LL VISIT HER AS A FRIEND, PAUL, BUT I CAN'T INTRUDE INTO THE CASE. IT MAY INTERFERE WITH DR. ANTHONY'S PLANS.

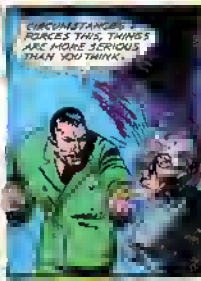
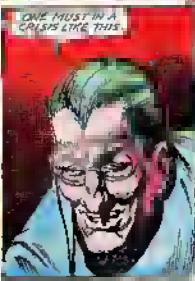


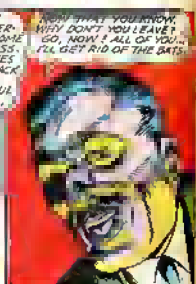
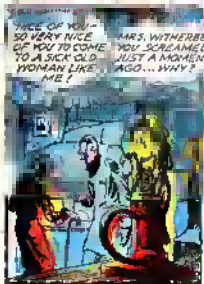
WE ARE RUNNING OVER TO SEE MRS. WITHERBEE. ECHO, WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AND CORA TO GET BACK.



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

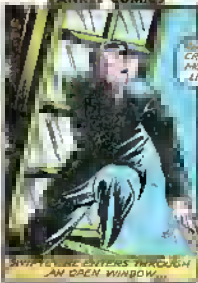




MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE WITHERBEE MANSION ON THE LONELY DUNES, STANDS THE SILENT FIGURE OF THE ECHO.



IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT. CORA AND THE DOCTOR WERE TO BE HOME FOR DINNER. I MUST FIND OUT WHY THEY WERE DETAINED.



SILENTLY HE ENTERS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...



THE STAIRS CREAK... I MUST TREAD LIGHTLY!



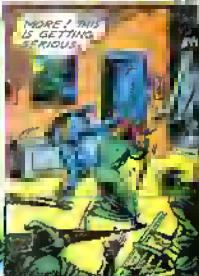
ONE COMES, WE WILL HAVE A VICTIM TO-NIGHT.

SHHHH!

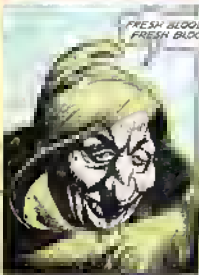
WHILE ON THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.



WHAT...?



MORE! THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS.



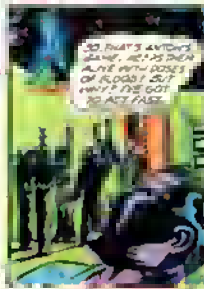
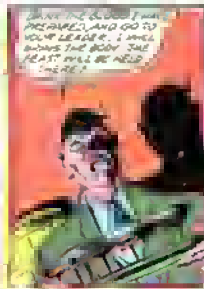
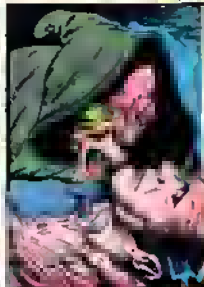
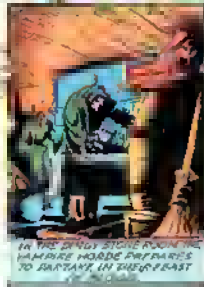
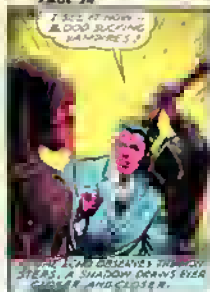
FRESH BLOOD! FRESH BLOOD!

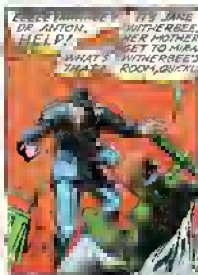
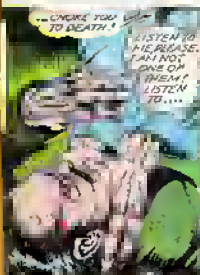
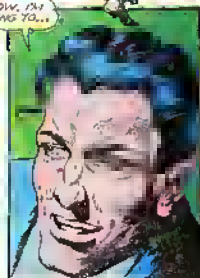
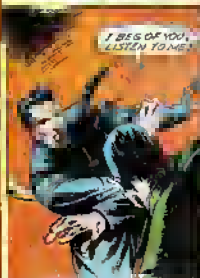
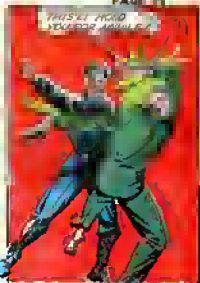


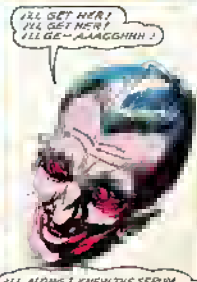
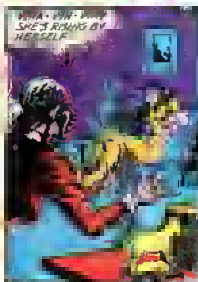
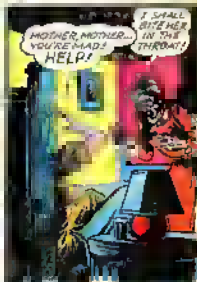
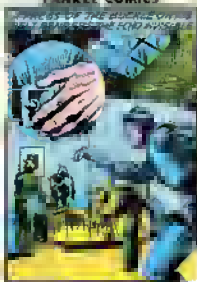
SUDDENLY THE RADIO ACTIVE RING OF THE ECHO FLASHES TO THE SLIMY CREATURES AND KIDNAPERS IN THEIR TRACKS.



IT'S INHUMAN! NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST? THOSE EYES... CREATURES OF THE NIGHT...







PART

3

GUARDIANS OF FREEDOM

FEATURING DANDY

The screaming train thundered down the track toward the unconscious Yankeeboy and its own destruction. At the headlight swept across the track, a figure slipped out of the door of a railway boxcar. The light revealed a lanky gray uniform. Almost under the train wheels, the figure dived, grabbing the inert body of Yankeeboy and at the same time sweeping the dynamite cap harmlessly out of the way.

Escape from the mountains of steel seemed almost impossible, but, as the train rumbled by into the night, the gray form picked itself up from the roadbed, where it had fallen with the unconscious Yankeeboy.

Slowly, Yankeeboy opened his eyes to meet the smiling face of his rescuer. "Johany Rebel!" he shouted. "I'VE SEEN YOU IN YANKEE COMICS, YOU SOUTHERN BLITZKRIEG!"

"YANKEEBOY!" the gray-clad hero greeted warmly.

"You sure arrived at the right moment, Johany," Yankeeboy said, as he gripped the little Southerner's hand.

"Forget the rescue, you'd do the same for me," Johany said firmly. "Right now, I'm looking for a white carrier pigeon."

"A pigeon? I saw a white carrier just before I landed there, though," Yankeeboy snapped back. "I know where it landed, let's get it!"

A short while later, Yankeeboy and Johany Rebel crouched toward the small hut in the woods. Watching from above, their

every move, was a silent figure in a tree. Suddenly, it stood erect and dived down.

Like a pack of wildcats the three figures tore at each other. Then one ripped himself free and stood facing Johany Rebel and Yankeeboy.

"DANDY!" Yankeeboy spoke. "It's DANDY, the pet of Yankee Doodle Jones."

"Well, I'll be— if it isn't!" Johany Rebel broke in.

"Gosh, fellows, you sure fooled me," Dandy said, in a cheerful tone. "I've been watching some one in that cabin. When you fellas came along, I thought I'd better take care of you two before tackling the rest."

"Well, in that case," Johany Rebel broke in, "we all have the same object in mind, and that's to find out what's going on in there!"

Toward the cabin, a group of men stood before a man tied to a chair. The leader sneered as he rubbed the edge of his knife along the palm of his hand.

"The pigeon has brought the message," he sneered, as he looked at the man in the chair. "Being in the confidence of the prisoner, you will write a note regarding an interview to discuss certain defense plans. Once the request is granted, I will send a man, disguised as yourself, to see him. After that, there will be no more trouble from the White House. Our agent will see to that!"

"Name!" the prisoner shouted violently.

"That's it!" the leader hissed. "A knife in silent and more painful."

Just as his hand was about to strike, the door of the cabin flew from its hinges, and into the room charged the greatest trio of fighting boys in the country.

Almost an hour later, General Harbold, having been rescued by the scrapping trio, related the events to the Intelligence Department.

"Yes," he continued, "you should have seen that fight. Why those three boys opened with a barrage of blows that could dent a steel wall. Why, for fifteen minutes, we heard nothing but the dull thud of their fists connecting on the others. Each punch landed with dynamic. Now flow about the place as though someone were toasting past around. The attack looked as though it would go on all night. Those boys just wouldn't tire. But soon, the traitors threw up their hands and one by one begged to be spared. The rest is simple, they..."

But as the rescued General continued his narrative, three figures stood on a small hill top, each shaking heads with the other.

Johany Rebel spoke first, "So long, fellows, it was swell to work with you two fellas."

Yankeeboy and Dandy smiled proudly, and as Johany started down the hill both shouted, "So long, you Southern Blitzkrieg, we'll be seeing you again— and mighty soon!"

SERGEANT STEELE



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN THE ORIENT... AND IT ALMOST DOES, UNTIL THE FIERY SERGEANT STEELE AND THE HELL CAT PATROL SWING INTO ACTION. FROM THEN ON, THE MARINES HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND.

ISSUED BY CHANCE PUBLICATIONS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE PASSING SHIPS ARE VIEWED BY SERGEANT STEEL AND HIS PAL.

JAPANESE SUPPLY SHIPS STEAM BY THE AMERICAN ZONE ON THEIR WAY UP THE RIVER.



SUPPLY SHIPS, CHUB SOMETHING TELLS ME THE JAPANESE ARE OUT TO MAKE A GRAB AT KANGA ISLAND, A CHINESE POSSESSION.

YEAH, AND THAT'S TOO CLOSE TO THE PHILIP PINES FOR SAFETY. WHAT'S TO BE DONE, SARGE?

NOTHING YET, FIRST WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE, SEE YOU LATER!

CAUTIOUSLY, THE MUSKY SERGEANT
SLIPS BY THE GUARDS OUTSIDE THE
SUPPLY SHIP.

I'LL TAKE A
SHORT CUT
AND MEET
THOSE BABIES
ON DECK!

THE SUPPLIES
ARE ALL HERE...
WHAT IS OUR
NEXT MOVE?

AT THE DARKEST
HOUR OF THE
NIGHT, WE'LL
TRANSFER THE
FUEL AND SUPPLIES,
THEN SAIL TO ATTACK
RANGA ISLAND.

AS THE MUSKY LEATHERNECK
PREPARES TO LEAVE...

I'VE GOT TO
REPORT THAT
TO HEADQUARTERS!

LOOK!
A SPY!

DON'T
STOP ME!

I'LL GET
M'EM!!

THIS WILL
END YOUR DAY!

AND THIS BEGINS
YOUR FRIENDS
NIGHT.

YYYYYYY!

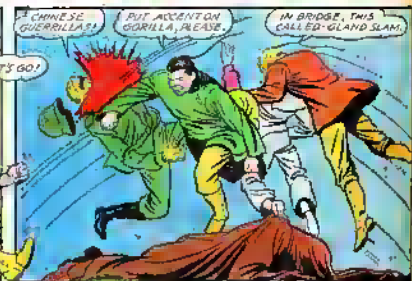
WE GET JU JITSU
HOLD ON NOSEY
AMERICAN.

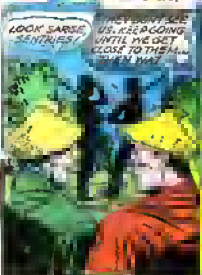
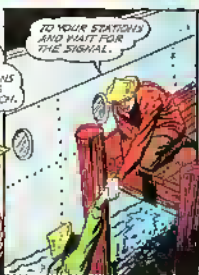
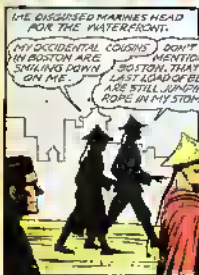
WE THINK
YOU GET
RAIN...

...IN THE
NECK!

NOW WE DO
THE THING
RIGHT!

WHAT IS...





TOO LATE! THE SENTRY'S SPOT THE MARINES.

THE NIGHT IS QUIET, BY THE TIME THE AMERICANS AWAKEN HE WILL BE ON OUR WAY TO RANGA ISLAND.

YES, WE ARE TOO WISE FOR.... LOOK IN THE SHADOWS!

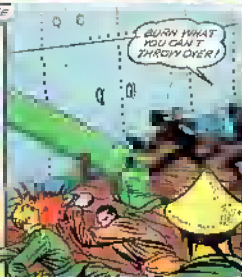
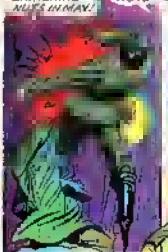


IT'S THE MONKEY CAGE FOR YOU.



HERE WE GO GATHERING NUTS IN MAY!

YEA, LICHES NUTS!



BURN WHAT YOU CAN'T THROW OVER!



IN THE SEA, IN THE SEA, IN THE BLASTING SEA!

OPEN THAT VALVE, SONNY BOY!



THE JAPS DID TONN TO GET THIS ONE...

WHEN THEY FIND ITS GONE WILL THEY BOK?

THE MARINES WORK LIKE BEES UNTIL...

JAPS ARE 'TH CLEARING YCAN... COMING! THE DECK FOR GASOLINE THEN, SARGE. A GOOD CLEANER!



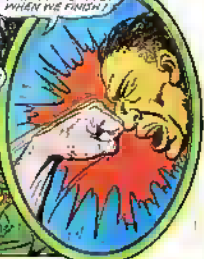
YANKIES? RIGHT THRU THAT JAPANESE PATROL!

FROM THE BLAZING SHIPS, THE DISGUISED MARINES LEAP AT THE APPROACHING JAP PATROL.

YOU LOOK LIKE PLENTY CHOP SUEY WHEN WE FINISH!

WEST MEETS EAST WITH A CRASH!

CUT THEM DOWN. MURDER THE CHINESE ATTACKERS!



RIGHT, SARGIE, WE'VE STOPPED THE SUPPLY SHIPS AND BESIDES I'M TIRED OF BANGING THESE GUYS AROUND.

LEAVING THE BURNING INFERNO AND THEIR ATTACKERS BEHIND, THE LEATHERNECKS RACE INTO THE NIGHT.

THE FOLLOWING DAY... JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS HAS SENT US A PROTEST. SERGEANT STEELE CLAIMING MASQUERADED MARINES BURNED THEIR SUPPLY SHIPS. HEADQUARTERS WANTS THE MEN REPRIMANDED.

SORRY, SIR, BUT I DON'T KNOW THEM!

OKAY MEN, BACK TO THE BARRACKS BEFORE WE'RE MISSED!



THAT'S SIMPLE. THE MEN WHO WERE IN THE RAID HAVE PATCHES OF HAIR MISSING ON THE BACK OF THEIR HEADS... CAUSED BY THE REMOVAL OF THE DISTAILS.

IN THAT CASE... I'LL SOON KNOW WHO THEY WERE!

WHEN THE SERGEANT THREATENED...

COMPANY, ABOUT FACE!

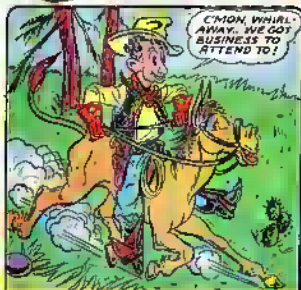
WELL, I'LL BE...

SHALL I REPRIMAND THEM ONE BY ONE... OR ALL AT ONCE?

WHAT? THE WHOLE REGIMENT? NO! IT, STEELE, SEE IT, STEELE, SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN?

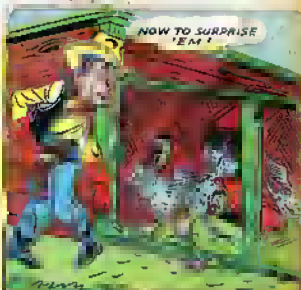


COWBOY Jake



C'MON, WHIRL AWAY. WE GOT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

SAID COWBOY JAKE: "I THINK I'LL TAKE A RIDE RIGHT THRU THE WOODS. I HEAR THERE'S CHICKEN THIEVES AROUND. I'LL CATCH 'EM WITH THE GOODS!"



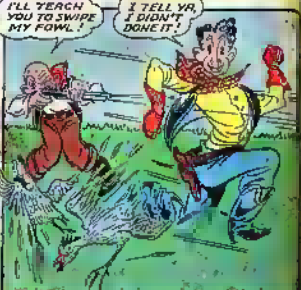
NOW TO SURPRISE 'EM!

SO OFF HE WENT TO CHARLIE'S RANCH TO CATCH THE CROOKS AT WORK. WHENEVER DUTY CALLED TO HIM, YOUNG JAKE WOULD NEVER SHIRK.



"AN' DON'T EVER DO IT AGAIN! NOW SCRAM, SCOOT, SCRT... ALSO I LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!"

RIGHT IN THE COOP WENT FEARLESS JAKE BECAUSE HE HEARD A NOISE. BUT WHEN HE GRABBED THE CHICKEN THIEVES, HE FOUND THEM TO BE BOYS.



I'LL TEACH YOU TO SWIPE MY FOWL!

I TELL YA, I DIDN'T DONE IT!

BUT WHILE HE CARRIED BACK THE FOWL OLD CHARLIE CAME A RUNNIN'. HE THOUGHT THAT JAKE HADNABBED THE HENS AND PROMPTLY STARTED GUNNIN'!

WHAT!! NO
KING KOLA?

SUPER SERVICE STATION



GET THE
HANDY-PACK
6
BOTTLES
25c

IN THE BIG 12-OZ. BOTTLE **5c**
2 FULL GLASSES
AT ALL **THIRST-AID STATIONS**

FIRST for THIRST
King Kola
SODA-LICIOUS



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